

DAY AND NIGHT.
On the rapturous thrill of awaking
In the morning cool and gray,
When my pulses stir with rejoicing
For the gift of another day.
On a day is too short for such chances
Of love and of service true.
With the glory of sunshine around me,
And my beautiful work to do.
But the dear day slips from my holding
And the chances come and go;
While I love and I work a little,
And I worry a bit you know.
Then the evening comes with its quiet,
And dreams of the hours past,
And I put off my plans until morning,
And I'm glad to sleep at last.
So my life grows rich with its meaning,
Until beauty and service combine,
And it claims me both power resistless,
It thrills me with longings divine.
Too brief are the years of our striving,
Far distant the brotherhood dream,
But we work with a courage unflinching,
And life holds a glory supreme.
But perhaps in the misty future
An hour of quiet may come,
When an evening hush may enfold me,
And each summer's glow may dim;
I may sit here in stillness
And muse on the happy past;
Then say my few words of thanksgiving,
And be willing to leave my part.
—Emma E. Marsau, in Boston Transcript.

LIBERTAS C.; —OR— "DIED FOR CUBA."

By Marlon Downing.

CHAPTER IV. THE FISH SWALLOWED THE BAIT.

Although it was two o'clock in the morning Felipe Coras was seated in the cafe, but he had plenty of company, for the place was nearly filled by the "glided youth" of Havana, who are over wont to turn night into day. He paid little attention to his surroundings, however, but smoked one cigarette after another in silence. The recent Cuban had since he last saw him indulged in a few glasses of light wine, but not sufficient by any means to deprive him of his faculties.

"Has the fish swallowed the bait?"
"I think he has, senator, for he seemed highly elated over the report which I brought him."
"It is well," answered Francisco.
"Now, senator, you will separate and draw cards that we may the better watch this miserable specimen of human vermin walk into our trap. Stay not too far, Calvo, for Cuba may still have some further duty for you to perform."
"Si, si, senator. The call for Jose Calvo's services shall not be given twice. And with this the three young men placed themselves in such positions that they could observe all who entered or left the residence of Don Manuel."

CHAPTER V. THE MEETING OF THE PATRIOTS—THE TRAP.

It will now be necessary to retrace slightly and take the reader within the luxuriantly furnished dwelling of the don at the hour set for meeting.

In a spacious, high-studded, airy room sat a gentleman whose snowy locks showed plainly that he had long passed the meridian of life. At his feet was a young girl.



SEATED UPON A LOW OTTOMAN AT HIS FEET WAS A YOUNG GIRL.

He was growing impatient at something that he could not see in the manner in which he twisted his mustache, and restlessly tapped the marble floor with the sole of his dainty patent-leather shoe.

"How long does the fool think I want him to remain on the watch before he comes to report? If anything has transpired, it must have done so ere this," muttered Coras, angrily, to himself, as he arose and walked to the door of the cafe to take a look down the street.

"By all the fiends, man, where have you been? Did you suppose I wanted you to keep me waiting here until daylight?" demanded the officer.

"I have been standing here for some time, awaiting the opportunity to emerge," was the humble reply. "How would it have looked for such a miserable appearing being as I to accost in a public cafe a gentleman of your standing?"

"Well, well! What have you learned?" interrupted the officer impatiently.

"A great deal, senator, a great deal, and that which may be of interest to you."

"Ah! say you so? What is it? Speak quickly!"

"I have seen this night," began Jose "a number of men, wearing black masks over their faces, stealthily enter the house of Don Manuel Ceballos."

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"What more? Is there aught else?"

"Si, si, senator! I heard the counter-sign given by each applicant for admission, and it was 'Cuba or death.'"

"Ah! Jose, you have indeed brought me welcome news. Now, at last, shall I be able to turn the father and son of the proud house of Ceballos over to the executioner, or force the proud leader to mine?"

"But that is not all, senator," went on the spy, as though he had not heard the remark of Coras and was anxious to find further trench himself in the good graces of his employer.

"Well, well, Jose! Why hesitate? Speak quickly, man! While we are babbling here the traitors may escape."

"Have patience, senator! The guests of the don will remain where they are housed now until the gray streaks of dawn cause the street lamps of Havana to grow dim. While I was standing concealed by a sharp angle of the wall overhead two of the men, dressed in company talking together as they awaited the answer to their knock. 'There is to be little business transacted to-night,' remarked one. 'We are simply called together to make arrangements for the gathering of our forces at some place on the coast, where a quantity of arms is expected to be landed from America.'"

"Well, well, Jose! You have gone far beyond my utmost expectations; here are a few more plasters. Take them! But mind, you do not breathe a word of what you have seen or heard to-night to a living soul, money, though had it been light enough an expression of disgust might have been seen fitting across his not unhandsome features. Then, with an "adios, senor," he hurried away.

Coras was now in possession of what seemed to him the most valuable information; but he was for a few moments at a loss how to take the best advantage of it for the discomfiture of his enemy. Had it not been for the latter part of Jose's artfully rendered report he would have at once communicated with the commander of the Spanish guard and swooped down upon the little band of patriots, but the prospects of a more important capture in the near future deterred him from so doing.

Though an arch villain, the man was no coward, and Francisco Ceballos had read his character correctly when he divined that the conspirator would be likely to present himself in person at the rendezvous of the insurgent leader.

"Is the only thing that I can do," Coras muttered to himself. "Jose says that every man was unmasked. I can readily see what that was for. The fruit is not yet ripe enough to be plucked, each one is afraid of the other, and dare not disclose his identity, so armed with the counter-sign, and face concealed, I may safely become one of the party, learn their secrets, and escape detection. Yes, I will do it." So saying, the renegade Coras hurried to his hotel to don a disguise.

Jose Calvo, however, did not seek the wretched abode which he called his home, but retraced his steps to the residence of the Ceballos. This time he did not attempt to conceal himself, but walked slowly past the high, arched, and grated doorway, having as yet hardly made up his mind what course to pursue.

He had presumed, perhaps, a dozen rods, when he was suddenly confronted by Francisco and his friend Valdes. The recognition was instantaneous and mutual.

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Murray, the Outlaw, Killed.
JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 4.—Harmon Murray, the notorious outlaw, was killed by the sheriff's posse on Monday night, near a town and terrorized a wide section of country, was killed about daylight this morning by Hardy Early, a colored lad of 11. The killing occurred at Murray's head camp. Murray called on Early about 4 o'clock and ordered him to go with him to Archer, where he said he was going to "kill some crackers" and then leave Archer before the crowd got to town, and go and sail he had no gun, but Murray took Early to the latter's brother's house and made him produce a double-barrel shot gun. Both barrels were loaded with buckshot and Early got them more in each barrel. The two then started toward Archer, having to pass through a swamp on the way. When they got into the swamp Early pretended he did not know the trail and brought the crowd to town, and Murray took the lead, and immediately Early poured the contents of both barrels into the back of Murray's head, killing him instantly. Early then notified the people at Archer, and a crowd went to the spot to bury the body. Early afterwards sent it to Gainesville. Excitement there was intense, as several lynchings of Murray's confederates have occurred in that vicinity. Early was brought to town, and was mounted on a box, on which he made a speech describing the affair. He will get \$1,000 in rewards. Murray had killed seven men within the past few months and was as fearless as he was bloodthirsty.

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